

Correspondence Column

Christmas Gift in Advance.
Dear Editor.—It is beyond my power to express my appreciation of the note which I received from you on the 20th instant. It adds to the pleasure that it will afford me the contents of the note. I am sure it will be very useful in school hours. I regard this prize as a "Christmas Gift in Advance." Wishing a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you and all the club, I remain your true member.
J. B. CUNNINGHAM.
V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.

Reads the Whole Page.
Dear Editor.—Merry Christmas to all members, and a happy New Year to every one. Your letter was just what I needed. I don't believe I read a word on the page unread. The stories are excellent. I am so glad Willy won a prize. I have just been out to see the shop windows. They are almost white, and the character of the decorations is out. With best wishes for the coming year, I am an old member.
HARRY E. CHADWICK.
National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Enjoys Children's Page.
Dear Editor.—I send a poem and some drawings, which I hope you will put into the Washingtonian. I have two cats and one dog. Your little member.
N. B.—I am so glad that the only reason my drawings do not appear is because they are done in pencil. To be reproduced they must be in ink. I have drawings in black ink on white paper. Will you please let me have my address? The Editor wishes to send her a badge.
MAGGIE A. SPARROW.
Houston, Harris county, Va.

Her Cat and Dog Pets.
Dear Editor.—I hope you will put my letters and drawings in the Washingtonian. I have two cats and one dog. Your little member.
N. B.—I am so glad that the only reason my drawings do not appear is because they are done in pencil. To be reproduced they must be in ink. I have drawings in black ink on white paper. Will you please let me have my address? The Editor wishes to send her a badge.
MAGGIE A. SPARROW.
Houston, Harris county, Va.

On the Honor Roll.
Dear Editor.—I guess all of us have the Christmas spirit in us by now. I certainly have, and am only too anxious for the next two days of school to be over. I am going to say a piece about "Christmas" in my lesson. I am so glad that the only reason my drawings do not appear is because they are done in pencil. To be reproduced they must be in ink. I have drawings in black ink on white paper. Will you please let me have my address? The Editor wishes to send her a badge.
MAGGIE A. SPARROW.
Houston, Harris county, Va.

Encouraged by Success.
Dear Editor.—I was delighted to see my name appear on our list as a prize winner. I have not received the prize yet, but am looking forward to it with much anticipation. I am very enthusiastic over our page, for it is very educational. My recent success has encouraged me to such an extent that I have resolved to be more persistent in my efforts for our page. I am eleven years old, and am in the eighth grade. Christmas is approaching very rapidly, and I will be glad when it arrives, for I expect my brother to come home from college. I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for a long time. I enjoyed reading your letter in Sunday's paper. I would like to receive a card soon from every member of our club. By thus communicating with each other we become better acquainted. I wonder how many of our members have made New Year resolutions? I have made several. With merry Christmas to all your members,
THELMA TIGNOR.
N. B.—No address given.

Christmas Greeting from Havana.
Dear Editor.—I received my book here in Cuba. Thank you so much. I shall always keep it as my first prize. Am sending you some pictures of Cuba. My brother Harry sends some, too. Your true boy,
HARRY BRAY.
Havana, Cuba.

An Interested Member.
Dear Editor.—I received my prize last week and I am perfectly delighted with the dear little birthday book. I appreciate it so much. I am so interested in the T. D. C. C. I wish I had more time to do more work. I am kept quite busy at school, and I have to practice too. I hope you and all the club members will have a very happy New Year. I remain your interested member.
JEANNETTE FREEMAN.
Cotman, Va.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
"Mother, what makes you look so sad? I believe you have been crying. Yes, there is a tear in your eye. Please tell me what's the matter." Little Elsie begged, interrupting Mrs. Carlton's reverie of apparently from the tears in her eyes—sad reminiscences. How could she tell her little child that she was weeping for her—Elsie's father?

It was New Year's Eve in the year 1865, and Mr. Carlton had returned from the war yet. General Lee had long surrendered to Grant, and the war had long come to a close, but still Mr. Carlton did not come home. There was only one cause—one terrible cause—and that was that Mr. Carlton must have been numbered among the dead. Mrs. Carlton had only one support, one comfort on which she could rely, and that was her manly son, John. What could she do without him? She sewed, it was true, but John's salary was her main support, and her love, her anticipation of what he would do some day he, strengthened her.

Christmas was sadly passed without Santa Claus visiting either of the children, which greatly grieved the mother, and no fine Christmas dinner, as they were wont to have, was set steaming on the table. But the mother and the two children would have been satisfied if Mr. Carlton had been present to share their scanty meal; they would have been perfectly contented.

The worst part was that it was the end of the month and the landlord in a few days would come for the rent, and as Mrs. Carlton had been refused work at the sewing factory, it was impossible to pay it with John's salary. Now, with all these sorrows on her mind, how could Mrs. Carlton truthfully answer her dear little girl? Mrs. Carlton felt greatly relieved when she heard the door bell ring, and little Elsie ran to the door, for she was in this way for a time kept from replying.

"Oh! mother, it is Santa Claus with everything nice," exclaimed little Elsie, and indeed a man did enter with a large bag over his shoulder, and with specks of snow on his long coat, which altogether reminded one of the Christmas elf.

"Oh! and, mother, just look at the big turkey!" exclaimed John, who had just returned from his work. "There is some mistake," Mrs. Carlton told the man.

"And your name Mrs. Carlton?" he man asked, to which she assented. "Well, my orders were to leave the things and say nothing!"

Mrs. Carlton began to comprehend. Oh, suppose it were true! If he only were alive. Oh! the joy, the great joy. The next surprise was that the man with a bag of toys of every description, a figure on the outside of the window now moved after having seen and heard everything that had transpired within, and entered the room. Oh! the joy. It was he. It was Mr. Carlton.

Mrs. Carlton faint in her husband's arms, but soon recovered, for many people die of sorrow, but it is seldom that one dies of joy.

Composed by
IRVING HAMILTON WHYTE.
214 West Clay Street, city.



Editorial And Literary Department

The New Year and the Annual Prize

My Dear Boys and Girls:
The arrival of New Year, and I hope a happy and busy one for us all, I have come to believe that a great deal of our happiness depends upon our doing our work constantly and well, so I hope again we are planning work for the new year.
I believe you will remember that December medals were not announced because of a delay in receiving a fresh supply of medals. There have not yet arrived, but I am giving the medals for both December and January, and am hoping the boys and girls will await their arrival as patiently as may be. My November announcements have to be filled also. I should have remembered the holiday rush and gotten in my order sooner. I shall surely try to avoid delays in the future.
The annual prize winners, decided by a committee, who took into consideration service and merit during the entire year on the Children's Page, Emma V. Chadwick and Curtis G. Elder.

The editor has prospect of help during the year 1912 that will render the annual prize more advantageous than ever before. So I trust all my boys and girls will awake to the realization of what may be accomplished by genuine and constant work and effort, and begin 1912 with a fresh incentive.
YOUR EDITOR.

DECEMBER MEDALISTS.
Miss Jeannette Freeman, Cotman, Va.
John B. Cunningham, Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, care Miss Goss, Staunton, Va.

JANUARY MEDALISTS.
Miss Rebecca Cooper, 221 Hollins Street, Petersburg, Va.
William Ellis Jones, Jr., 2010 Floyd Avenue, Richmond, Va.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Miss Lyra V. Ransom, Masonic Home, Richmond, Va.
Miss Jeannette Freeman, Cotman, Va.
L. Hamilton Whyte, 214 West Clay Street, city.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.
Broadrup, A. Hancock, Althea
Beverly, Cedric
Branch, Emma
Bridges, Edward
Bailey, Reginald
Bray, H. R.
Bray, Harry
Broadrup, Helen
Chadwick, W. M.
Chadwick, E. V.
Collins, Nellie S.
Cunningham, J. B.
Clarke, Julia
Canady, Leslie
Dunn, Gabriella S.
Denny, Dorothy
Elder, Curtis G.
Freeman, Jeannette
Fisher, Harry
Golden, I. T., Jr.
Gill, Edwin M.
Hilmon, Mildred
Hilmon, Bruce

THE DUEL BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS—Continued.
PART II.

All the men were there, exceedingly glad, but none more so than Helen's former husband, Menelaus, who thought that perhaps this would end the war.
After this Priam (Paris's father) was summoned to the sacrifice, which was to be made to Zeus. After Priam had left for the sacrifice, his disused horse, and went to Troy to the chamber of Helen and told her about the duel, bidding her at the same time to come and witness it.
Helen at once hastened with Laodice (Paris's sister) down from Troy to where Priam and some other old men were sitting on the wall. When she came near to him Priam called out to her, and bade her come and sit by him. Many questions he asked her about the great King's chiefs and warriors, in the line of the Greeks, and to him she gave answers to them all.

About this time the heralds brought the sheep and wine for the sacrifice, and also a golden bowl with cups of the same. A herald was soon seen approaching King Priam, whom he told that both armies called for him. Priam then went, and together King Agamemnon, and he made a covenant with much sacrifice, that Paris and Menelaus should fight against each other, and that Helen and her wealth should go to the one who should win.

But after the sacrifice King Priam left for home, because he could not bear to see his son fight with Menelaus. After this a space was set off for the two, and two pebbles were put into a helmet and shaken, so that whose pebble drew a white forth should be the first to draw his spear. Then the two warriors came together, and Paris's spear was the first to be thrown, as his pebble had leaped out of the helmet first, but upon striking the shield of Menelaus, the spear point bent back. After praying to Zeus, Menelaus threw his spear, piercing the shield and corselet of Paris, who would probably have been wounded had not he shrunk back. Then drawing his sword Menelaus dealt him a deadly blow, but it only broke in two pieces. Then rushing at Paris he seized him by the helmet and would probably have choked him, but Aphrodite loosed the strap of the helmet, and it came off. Menelaus at once picked up another spear to charge on Paris, but Aphrodite covered him with a mist, and hid him away in his chamber in Troy. Menelaus then searched, but all in vain. For Paris, and he wondered where he could have gone, for he well knew that the Trojans hated him unto death, and that never would one of them have hidden him out of kindness.

The End.
GABRIELLA SPOONER DUNN.
204 Fillmore Street, Petersburg, Va.



There is an old man who lives everywhere with the clock and hourglass, who moves down the years as they grow old, and ushers in the new year. You will recognize Father Time in this description no doubt. His cythe is ever sharp. The sand in his hourglass ever running. You had better make friends with him, for he will some day cut you down.

It was the 21st of January, about 10 o'clock P. M. Father Time was talking to the old year, who was about to go into the past. His hair was pure white, and he was breathing heavily, as it would soon be time for his journey into the great unknown. Two men passing heard him, and one remarked "that the wind moaned so sad and dismal in the trees." Little did they know what it was. Father Time said he would leave old nineteen eleven for a few minutes, and soon came back, leading a beautiful boy, checked, healthy looking, and carried a grip in his hand marked "1912." It contained the twelve months.

Presently the two men came back. "Quick!" said Father Time. "Let me hide you, for no one should see you until twelve o'clock." He rubbed 1912 and hid him in the folds of his cape. It was now two minutes to 12. "Come," he said, "prepare for your journey, the time draws near."

"Yes, I am going to stay with my Father, who is Time."
"My son," he said to 1912, "do your best, as I have done. Give out the weather as it is in your case of months and days."
He drew a deep sigh.
"Good-by," he said, and was gone.

New Year went on his way, which was the road of minutes and hours. "I have a short life," he whispered to himself. "I will do my best, then, I will, to make my trip into the past."

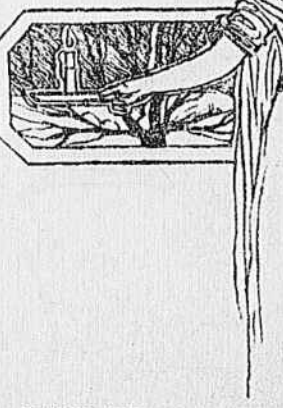
Composed by
WILLIAM T. FULLER, JR.
Mecherrin, Va.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

There was once a beautiful hill in a far off county on whose sides was a great and mighty oak tree. This tree stood through many great and terrible storms. This oak was sacred to the great heathen god, Thor.

It was a custom among those heathens that every year they should offer up one of their prettiest boys. Now, at this time, they had brought a fine looking lad, and were getting ready to kill him. There was a great fire in front of the altar, which stood near the tree. The great hammer was lifted high above the child's head. The priest who held the hammer was just ready to let it fall, when an old man, who was known as Saint Boniface, came forward. This man turned aside the great hammer as it fell, and the boy was saved. Saint Boniface then made a speech, telling them that they should no longer make human sacrifices; that this night was the birthnight of Christ. He then struck the oak with mighty blows, and it fell with a great crash.

Not far from the spot where the oak stood was a little fir tree. Saint Boniface cut this down and gave it to them, and told them that they must no longer go to their heathen god, but worship Christ, the right and living God. He told them that the little fir tree should be a Christmas tree, and that they should not go to the forest to celebrate their feasts, but take the tree to their homes and public halls.



Upon the transom high it hung
Within the twilight's golden glow,
In all its waxlike loveliness
A tiny spray of mistletoe.

Your Captain Monroe v's ting
A friend had met in years before,
Glancing round the vacant room
He saw the piece of mistletoe.

Then suddenly he heard the sound

and celebrate with merry making and praises to the living God.
This is supposed to be the origin of the Christmas tree.
LESLIE G. CANODY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Many years ago there was born in the little town of Bethlehem a little boy. This baby was the Christ child. He had been promised to the people for many years. Mary, the baby's mother, lived in Nazareth, but she had to go with her husband, Joseph, to Bethlehem to be counted with the other people and to pay taxes.

When Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem the inn was crowded, and they had no where to spend the night. They had to sleep in a stable. There in the manger the Christ child came to this earth.
"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleap on the hay.
The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes."
Nobody knew of the birth but the shepherds who were watching their flocks on the hillside. The shepherds were afraid when they saw the bright light. An angel said unto them, "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was a multitude of angels praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth good will to men." So the shepherds came and saw the babe in the manger. Wise men came and brought gifts to the babe.

Harold Lawrence.

CHRISTMAS.

Why do we celebrate Christmas? Why do we look forward to it as the grandest time of the year? Is it because that then we have holiday, and shoot fireworks, and have all the good things to eat we want? No, it is, or rather it should be, because on that day we celebrate by giving to others, the day when God gave to all of us a Christmas gift, which is worth more to us than any gift we can give.

It was on the 25th of December, more than 1900 years ago, when God gave, in a little child, born in a manger, in Bethlehem of Judea, a Christmas gift, not just to the people living then; but to you and me and to all men.

The child grew and became a man. For three years he preached and taught men of the ways of God. When he was thirty-three years old he was seized, brought to trial and nailed to a cross by wicked men who pretended that he was a deceiver. In making the sacrifice of his precious blood, Christ (as we call our blessed Lord) took upon himself all of our sins and infirmities, making our salvation possible.

And as we have received this immortal gift, we should generously extend to all those who are in need, not only the temporary worldly luxuries, but our love and sympathy, and above all the plan of salvation through Christ Jesus, whom God sent to the world as its greatest Christmas gift.

J. B. CUNNINGHAM.

MY TREE.

On Christmas Eve was bought for me
A big and beautiful Christmas tree,
With candles around and a star to
light the top,
And a little white dog with ears that
flopped.

I bought some cherries,
And little cranberries,
And strung them on a tree.
Now that, of course, was not for me;
For my little pet had none,
And so that one
Was going to be for little Bun.

JULIA CLARKE.

Of girlish laughter, soft and low,
And Maude, the daughter of his host,
Came tripping in the parlor door.
Maude, with her curls of auburn gold,
And deep, black eyes whose brilliant
blow
Flashed on him like the stars of
dawn
Shining beneath the mistletoe.

HARRY CHADWICK.
Nat. Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Puzzle Department

Author Puzzles.
The answer in each case is the name of a well-known author.
1. Is very fast indeed.
2. To agitate a weapon.
3. Red as an apple, black as night.
4. A heavenly sign, a perfect fright.
5. A domestic servant.
6. A slang expression.
7. A young domestic animal.
8. Common domestic animal and what it can never do.
JEANNETTE FREEMAN.

Jumbled Cities.
1. Renelmoub.
2. Kytee.
3. Ltaetuea.
4. Leosa.
5. Gikpen.
6. Swomee.
7. Leihb.
8. Aitney.
9. Hlunpoo.
10. Itangoon.
11. Alchohge.
CECILE S. BEVERLY.
Freeling, Va.

A Planting Puzzle.
1. Plant a kitten and what will come up?
2. Plant a sunrise and what will come up?
3. Plant a box of candy and what will come up?
4. Plant Christmas Eve.
5. Plant the middle of an afternoon.
6. Plant a preacher.
7. Plant one of Cupid's arrows.
8. A kiss.
HELEN BROADRUP.
Lorraine, Va.

A Body Puzzle.
1. I have a trunk. What is it?
2. I have two lids.
3. I have two lacy trees.
4. I have some flowers.
5. I have many whips without handles.
6. I have a piece of English money.
7. I have two students.
8. I have two fine buildings.
9. I have two caps.
MARGUERITE BROADRUP.
Lorraine, Va.

Puzzle Questions.
1. How many Presidents of the United States were born in January?
2. Who is the present Vice-President of the United States?
3. What proclamation, made by a President of the United States, rendered January 1, 1863, a date to be remembered?
4. What notable battle was fought January 3, 1815?
5. What American statesman and philosopher was born January 17, 1767?
6. What great Virginia leader and soldier January 19, 1807?
7. What European Emperor January 27, 1859?
8. What old English holiday falls on January 8?

Answers to Paul Hevere Puzzle.
1. On the 18th of April, 1775.
2. In the belfry arch of the North Church tower.
3. Boston.
4. Twelve by the village clock.
5. It was 1 o'clock.
6. It was two by the village clock.
7. To alarm the Middlesex farmers of the intended British attack.
JEANNETTE FREEMAN.
Cotman, Va.

Answers to Capitals by Robert Golden, Jr.
1. Carson City, capital of Nevada.
2. Hartford, capital of Connecticut.
3. Boston, capital of Massachusetts.
4. Indianapolis, capital of Indiana.
5. ...
6. Annapolis, capital of Maryland.
7. Lincoln, capital of Nebraska.
8. Frankfort, capital of Kentucky.
9. Boise City, capital of Idaho.
10. Sacramento, capital of California.
HELEN BROADRUP.

Jeannette Freeman's Answers to Author Puzzles.
Wordsworth.
Goldsmith.
Hart.
Littleton.
De Quincey.
Bacon.
Churchill.
Bunyon.
Curtis.
Proctor.
Steele.
Browning.
1. Chaucer.
2. Taylor.
3. Holmes.
4. Holland.
5. Hood.
6. Burns.
7. Prior.
8. Shelly.
9. Southey.
10. Coleridge.
BY JEANNETTE FREEMAN.
Cotman, Va.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

In a country far away across the ocean the people used to be heathen, and thought they were pleasing their god, Thor, when they gave him one of their best and most beautiful boys each year on a certain night.

There was a hill with long, gentle slopes, on which stood a large and tough oak, which had stood many storms and was sacred to Thor.

On one night a crowd of heathen soldiers dressed in white came up the hill, followed by other people to see a boy killed. The priest had a hammer in his hand, and he stood by an altar which was beside the oak and a boy was kneeling by him.

Just as the hammer was falling to hit the boy, the holy man, Saint Boniface, came up, turned the hammer aside with his cross, thus saving the boy. He then turned to the crowd and told them of Jesus, who doesn't want them to sacrifice human life. Then he knocked the oak down with the hammer.

There was a fir tree just behind the oak which pointed toward heaven. Saint Boniface told them to take it up and carry it to the chieftan's hall, and not to go into the forest to keep the feasts.

This was the first Christmas tree.
BROWN HILTON.
V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.

THE BIRTH OF THE LORD.

The shepherds kept watch over their flocks,
For it was in the night,
And they were near Bethlehem—
A star gave them light.

The angel of the Lord appeared,
And told them the news,
In the city of Bethlehem,
Is Christ, the King of the Jews.

They came into Bethlehem
And found Him in the manger;
They saw His mother, Mary;
They worshipped the little stranger.

MAGGIE A. SPARROW.



THELMA TIGNOR.



UNDESIGNED.



R. C. GOLDEN, JR.



HELEN BROADRUP.



ALETHA HANCOCK.



THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

Once a long time ago there live a family composed of only two. The name of the wife was Mary and of the husband Joseph. This was a poor family. They didn't have riches like a great many people of to-day have. They didn't have such a great many people of that day. It was prophesied that a Christ child should be born. This child was to be born in the little town of Bethlehem. Mary and Joseph lived at Nazareth.

Once a year all the people of that country had to go to Bethlehem to be counted and to pay their taxes. Mary rode to Bethlehem on a donkey, while Joseph walked beside her, leaning on a cane. The inn was filled when Joseph got there. The yard was full, too. There happened to be a stable near by. Here Mary and Joseph found lodging. There were manglers here for the horses, sheep and cattle. In a manger a little child was born. This was the Christ child, the Saviour of the world. He came to us as we have seen in this humble dwelling. The father and mother wondered why the child was not born to some king or officer. Why should 't be that this child should be born to them? It was to show us that God cared as much for the poor of this earth as He did for the rich.

Shepherds saw a bright star in the East; then they knew that the Christ child had come, and they arose and followed the star. It led them to the manger. They went in and found the King who had been so long promised. HENRY FISHER.

V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay.
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose over Bethlehem, the stars shown through the gray.
When Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright.
For Jesus Christ your Saviour was born this happy night.

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay.
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians, upon this blessed morn.
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born.

Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away.
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.
Selected by LEWIS WATKINS,
528 N. Twenty-first St., Richmond, Va.